Rope part 2

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Rope part 2

by purplesocrates

Summary

This is the second part of Rope which I have made into a series.
Young Hannibal and young Will meet at medical school and embark on a bondage relationship.
I have included some pictures and gifs that I used as inspiration.

Notes

Pictures from:

this website I found through google

Gif from:

justanothertart

Now that Will had allowed the kiss Hannibal couldn't stop kissing Will at any opportunity. It was the sweetest torture though because Will would only allow kissing. Will would stop Hannibal as soon as his hands dared to roam anywhere underneath clothes or when hips began to grind together. Will would gently place his hand on Hannibal's chest and push him achingly gently away. Hannibal breathless with arousal and need, Will with that calm and indulgent smile that drove Hannibal to depths of despair.

"Please" Hannibal would beg.

Will would place a finger to Hannibal's lips and shush him, "Not now, not yet."

Hannibal would moan with need.

Will had noted the pillars in Hannibal's room the first time he went there and knew he would be able to make use of them. He had Hannibal stretched out with his back against the pillar, feet bound together and arms over his head, his wrists tied, his hands were in a palm to palm position like a prayer. The rope from his feet, toes pointed just above the ground, was anchored and tied around the base of the pillar. The other rope from his wrists, arms beautifully stretched above his head, wound around the top of the pillar in a slip knot and then down where Will had temporarily tied it to another pillar.

Hannibal knew this was just the first stretch, it still felt relatively comfortable. Will was looking at the muscles of Hannibal's stomach almost taut. He looked like a sculpture, not yet finished waiting for Will to carve out his design. It took Will's breath away how luminous Hannibal's skin looked in the flickering firelight.

"Are you alright? Does anything hurt too much?" Will was already sounding slightly breathless with anticipation though he was trying to hide it.

"I am fine, nothing hurts." Hannibal had decided to try and keep his eyes open as much as possible, he knew that it pleased Will to make eye contact while he did this. It was the only time Will sought out eye contact and that knowledge made Hannibal feel powerful and desired, adding to the feeling of euphoria this game gave him.

“Do you know what you want to do next? Do you have an idea?”

Will had allowed them to lie on his bed together clothed and Hannibal had his head resting on Wills’ shoulder with his leg laid over Will’s. They spent most of their time in Will’s room now as Hannibal’s room felt like a sacred space to Will and he liked to keep it separate.

Will stroked a hand across Hannibal’s shoulders, “yes.”

Hannibal felt a shiver down his spine in anticipation. “Still with the ropes?”

“Yes.”

Hannibal smiled he had sensed Will was not finished with the ropes yet, which he was happy with as he wanted more but he would do whatever Will wanted in the end.

“What do I get as a reward this time?” Hannibal’s voice was quiet and reverent he was trying to hide his need and his want for more. He wanted to be patient.

Will had seen the question on Hannibal’s lips every time they talked about it, he smiled “what would you like?”

Hannibal almost stopped breathing, “everything.”

Will laughed, “one thing at a time, you should not be rushed my love.” He wanted to savour Hannibal, he wanted to learn every nuance of his arousal. Will wanted to keep them all in his mind, they were his and his alone for Hannibal to show him. He wanted to worship at Hannibal’s altar.

Hannibal breathed out a sigh stealing himself for inevitable negotiation. “How much further are we going to go this time?”

“How far would you go for me?” Will knew the answer to this but enjoyed hearing it anyway.

Hannibal smiled and kissed Will’s shirt over his nipple, “as far as you want.”

Will smiled.

Will took the other length of finer and more thin black rope he had brought with him, it was entirely new. He had ordered a few more lengths, some to practice on, but he had kept this one untouched; waiting. He could feel it’s tightly wound fibres against his fingers as he undid the coil.

Hannibal watched him transfixed by Will's hands and fingers as they slid over the rope. All Will had told him was that he had been practicing, he had spent time thinking of his design wanting it to be perfect.

Will stepped towards Hannibal and knelt down at his feet. Hannibal bent his head forward to watch him. Will found the middle point of the rope and looped it around the front of both of Hannibal's ankles but not the pillar, crossing the two ends at the back and bringing them to the front. He then crossed the rope over and looped one end over and the other under the bridge of rope at the front of Hannibal's ankles, crossing the ends over once more and pulled it all tight.

Will then took the left hand end of the rope and brought it towards Hannibal's big toe on his right foot he then placed the rope between the big toe and second toe and looped it around the back bringing the rope back diagonally across his foot and back around both his ankles. He repeated this with the other end of the rope over Hannibal's left foot. He repeated this, twisting the lengths together in the middle, to create an intricate lattice of bindings around each toe which connected to the loops of rope at his ankles.

Will did this with intense concentration making sure each gap was evenly spaced and each twist the same. He did not make a single mistake as he did this, it was more like muscle memory and Hannibal wondered how many times he must have practiced to get this right. Once he was finished he anchored the rope at the back at Hannibal's ankles he stood up and admired his work.

Hannibal looked down at his feet and the beautiful lines Will had created and smiled, he could feel the softness of the silk rope between his toes and across the front of his feet. He did not try to move his feet now they were cocooned black silk. He waited for Will to give him instruction.

"Can you move your feet?"

Hannibal tried and found he could wriggle his toes slightly but beyond that he was immobilised. Will smiled, "good, that's very good."

"What do you think you my reward should be?"

Hannibal thought about the kiss, even though just a kiss, it had been so transcendent after their scene that it had felt more than enough of a reward. Every kiss since had been beautiful but he had been chasing that first moment ever since. They hadn't decided that night what Hannibal's reward would be. They had just led together in comfortable silence until Will kissed Hannibal slowly and then sent him home. He knew the longer they played this out the more intense each reward would be. Patience was the key to all of this and Hannibal wanted it to last forever.

Hannibal whispered to Will, they were sat next to each other in the library. They would sit together in the lower level where Will had found the book that started all of this, cross legged in an alcove where no one came. Will would read and Hannibal would watch him. Will would purposefully roll his sleeves up revealing his forearms and Hannibal would long to touch them. Hannibal longed to see more of Will's body.

"That's not how this works." Will whispered back "you have to decide that part."

Hannibal smiled he knew there was an answer Will was wanting from him he just needed to figure out what it was.

"Can I think about it for a bit longer?"

"Of course my love. I still have to practice, I want to be perfect for you." Will was making rare eye contact with Hannibal and it took his breath away.

"You always are." Hannibal whispered back. "Can I kiss you?"

"Yes."

Hannibal crawled across holding himself up with his arms and knees he kissed Will who didn't move from his spot. Just as the kiss was deepening and Hannibal was about to attempt to crawl into Will's lap, Will's hand gently rested on Hannibal's shoulder and pushed him back.

Will then took the second piece of thinner black rope he had brought with him and began to loop it around Hannibal's arms knotting it in the centre. This took some time as he had had wanted to keep the loops of rope and knots in the centre between his forearms as close together as possible. Every loop and every knot forced Hannibal's arms closer together and he could feel the rope tightening on skin. The occasional brush of Will's fingers against his skin caused him to shiver in anticipation.

He watched Will's total focus as he bound Hannibal with fascination. Will looked glorious like this his mind a single point all his attention on Hannibal and the rope he was using to create his design. Once Will had finished with the final knot he ran his hands down the centre line of knots and Hannibal felt the touch as if it was against his own skin. He wanted to close his eyes and tilt his head back in pleasure but he refrained from doing so, he knew Will wanted him present here with him.

Will stood back and admired his work, "you look beautiful, breath-taking. Can you move your arms?"

Hannibal tried and he found he could only just move his fingers, the circulation not cut off but it was tight. Will smiled.

Will wanted to run his hands down Hannibal's chest and feel the skin and the sheen of sweat that was forming. He breathed through the impulse he wanted to wait until he had stretched Hannibal more, until it would feel as if tendons might snap under his touch.

Hannibal watched Will, the burning gaze in Will's eyes was almost too much and Hannibal let out a small moan.

"Can I ask for something now?" The question slipped out of Hannibal's lips before he had thought about it. They were led on Will's bed again fully clothed, Hannibal cursed himself he was supposed to be practising patience. When it came to Will this seemed to get harder and harder, especially being led this close to him feeling his body next to his, absorbing his warmth, feeling his hand on his shoulder and back.

Will smiled and brought one hand to Hannibal's chin raising his face up to look at Will, "just this once."

Hannibal smiled, "can I see you?" Will raised an eyebrow not understanding. "You have seen me naked, completely stripped bare I want to see you as well. We don't have to do anything I just want to see you."

Will looked at Hannibal, he was thinking, after a few minutes Will spoke, "yes."

Hannibal smiled, "now?"

"Yes."

“I am going to stretch you now, gradually.” Will had that commanding tone again that made Hannibal almost lose focus.

Will moved around slowly to the end of the rope that had been tied to the other pillar, he took a hold of the weight of Hannibal as he undid the knot. He then slowly and gently pulled the rope so that Hannibal was elongated against the pillar, his back stretched almost completely. Will then tied off the rope again and walked around the pillar to admire the way Hannibal’s muscles were even more taut, tendons stretched almost to breaking, Hannibal was in the first stages of actual pain now. The sheen of sweat on his skin increased, a few drops made their way down his chest and Will resisted the impulse to lick them.

“You look like a piece of art I adore you like this.” Will’s voice was breathless with admiration for Hannibal and the way he just let the pain wash over him, eyes never leaving Will for a moment.

“Touch me.” Hannibal asked attempting to keep the pleading out of his voice which Will appreciated, it somehow sounded better when he attempted to hide it.

Will walked slowly towards Hannibal and placed a finger in the centre of Hannibal’s chest, he slowly traced it down to his belly button then Will brought the finger up to his mouth and licked the sweat from it. They both moaned and Will smiled. “You taste exquisite, you are doing so well my love. Stay with me for a little longer.”

Hannibal nodded and Will went to the rope again and untied it, he pulled it again causing Hannibal to be stretched almost to breaking. His feet were completely pointed off the ground now elongating the lattice work in the most beautiful way. His fingers reached up towards the sky and his head was now thrown back against the pillar, his neck a wonderful arch.

“Breathe my love, let it wash over you.” Will’s voice was calm but laced with admiration for Hannibal. “One more and we shall be complete.”

Will had gone to the small en-suite bathroom to remove his clothes. Hannibal was waiting for him still led on the bed. Will was purposefully taking his time to test Hannibal who had been asked not to move at all unless Will requested it.

Hannibal was sweating in anticipation he was so surprised that Will granted his request. He had been thinking about what to ask for since the library, he wanted something he would remember, something he could think about that was just his. He wanted something that was just Will, for Hannibal alone.

Eventually Will opened the door and entered the small bedroom. He was completely naked as requested and Hannibal stared, his eyes making their way up and down his body. They didn’t speak Hannibal was committing this sight to memory not knowing when he would see it again. Will turned around so Hannibal could see him from behind. Hannibal noted every line, every curve and felt his own cock getting harder at the sight of it.

Will turned to face Hannibal again and smiled. "Remove your clothes as well."

Hannibal took a deep intake of breath and complied.

"Touch me again before?" Hannibal's voice was laced with pain and arousal, his accent heavy.

Will tied off the rope and walked over to Hannibal and knelt down in front of him. Will began to kiss Hannibal's toes, licking each one he made his way up both feet kissing and licking the gaps between the latticed ropes. He kissed his way up Hannibal's legs and thighs, hands stroking the skin. Hannibal groaned and closed his eyes he couldn't help it and he didn't care as long Will's lips, tongue and hands kept touching his stretched, taut legs. Will then placed his hands on Hannibal's hips and kissed his stomach, breathing in the smell of him.

"Are you ready?" Will spoke this into Hannibal's tight stomach muscles.

"Yes" he breathed out in response, opening his eyes to look down at Will.

Will stood up and went to the rope, he untied it from the pillar and took a deep breath then he pulled it once more. Hannibal's entire body was completely stretched tight now and it was a glorious sight, the moan of pain and pleasure that left Hannibal's mouth made Will's eyes roll back in his head. "The sounds you make are so exquisite. Let me look at you for a moment."

Hannibal managed a nod, he was now unable to speak. Will walked to the stand in front of Hannibal and appreciated what he saw. The light from the fire and the candles flickered across his now pulled tight muscles, tendons in stark relief under his skin. Hannibal's head was now leaning against the pillar, his eyes closed and his mouth slightly slack. "Stay with me my love."

Hannibal groaned and opened his eyes to see Will staring at him with unbridled reverence and adoration. Hannibal wanted to be the cause of that look on his face over and over again. His limbs were starting to go numb with pain now and circulation was beginning to become painful. Hannibal trusted Will to know when the time was for his scene to end. Hannibal felt a euphoria building, he felt like he was going to pass out soon and part of him wanted to just remain in this moment, to be left here forever just for Will. Somewhere between consciousness and unconsciousness he felt every part of his body about to break apart for Will.

Hannibal was now also naked stood in front of Will who was looking at Hannibal with that intense focus he had when he had tied him up.

"Lie down on the bed, on your stomach." Will's commanding tone and beautiful body caused Hannibal's cock to twitch. Will did not acknowledge it even with his own cock semi erect which caused a slight moan to leave Hannibal's lips.

Hannibal complied and led down on his stomach.

"I want you to push yourself up with your hands on the bed, spread your legs and move yourself so your cock is brushing up and down on the bed." Will's commanding tone had caused Hannibal to be fully hard and his erection was painfully insistent.

Hannibal pushed himself up on one arm and then used the other to pull his foreskin back revealing his very erect penis. He then braced himself with his other hand too.

As he did this Will took a hold of his own cock and touched it gently which made Hannibal moan.

"Move." Will commanded again.

Hannibal began to move his hips so that his cock brushed up against the bed, his head went back as he did this and he moaned. Will watched the movement of Hannibal's hips and the curve of his ass as he rutted futilely into the mattress.

"You look beautiful." Will was breathless with arousal, pre-come leaking from his cock and Hannibal groaned.

Will watched as Hannibal lost consciousness and his head lolled forward. They had discussed this and Will was prepared. He cut Hannibal down first releasing him from the main stretch and then gently with sharpened scissors carefully placed against skin he cut away all the binds, watching as muscles were released and Hannibal sagged in his arms still completely blacked out. Will stroked Hannibal's skin as he released him. He then covered Hannibal in a blanket and moved Hannibal's head to his lap as he sat leaning his back against the pillar, he stroked Hannibal's hair and whispered comforting words of praise and adoration to him.

When Hannibal regained consciousness he was greeted with Will's reverent smile. Hannibal turned so he was looking up at Will who leaned down and kissed him chastely on the lips.

"You were stunning."

Hannibal smiled and Will helped him stand and led him down on the bed where he once more covered him with the blanket. Will got onto the bed beside Hannibal who moved so his head was in Will's lap again and fell into a deep sleep while Will watched him stroking Hannibal's hair.

Hannibal became more frustrated as more precum started to appear so he quickened up his pace. Will watched all of this gently touching himself, smearing the beads of his precum down the length of his cock. Hannibal was almost keening now with frustration as he looked at Will who was stood there watching him with lust filled eyes.

"You can come just from this I know you can." Will spoke in that tone again and Hannibal knew he was right.

"Fuck." Hannibal said as he started to shake, his orgasm so close.

Will watched as hot, white liquid spilled onto his sheets, he groaned as he himself came on his own hand at the sight.

Hannibal had collapsed onto the bed and was breathing heavily.

"Thank you." Will said softly before he went to the bathroom and washed himself. He came back out and helped Hannibal stand leading him to the bathroom so he could wash up to. Will then stripped the sheets and put clean ones on the bed, he led down and waited for Hannibal who stopped as he re-entered the room.

"Join me." Will said and Hannibal led down with his head resting on Will's shoulder and leg swung over Will's.

The skin to skin contact combined with a post orgasm haze made Hannibal feel as if he was on fire and he placed a small reverent kiss to Will's chest.

"I know what I want." Hannibal said as Will was dozing.

“Yes?”

“I want you to mark me, I want to be able to see marks on my skin from the next time so that I can have a reminder on my body of what you and I create together.”

Will smiled, “yes.” He said proud that Hannibal had given him the right answer.

Hannibal woke up and met Will’s eyes he brought his wrist up to his face so he could see the red pattern, he then moved his feet from under the blanket and looked at the fine red marks. Hannibal grinned and in an awed voice said “they are beautiful, thank you.”

“You are beautiful. I want to worship these marks.”

Hannibal smiled and breathed in deeply. “How?”

“I want to kiss them, feel each one with my tongue and then wash them sooth them. Are you feeling strong enough to sit up?”

“Yes.” Hannibal wanted any touch that Will was willing to give him. He was beginning to love how affectionate Will was with him after these scenes, how soft and pliable he could be. It made Hannibal want to take all that was offered to him.

Will got off the bed and went to the bathroom where he filled up the large copper basin, which he had asked Hannibal to leave in the bathroom for him, with warm water. Hannibal sat on the edge of the bed, Will covered his shoulders with the blanket as he was still a little shaky.

Will took Hannibal’s left wrist in his hand and began to run his tongue along all the red lines. He did the same to his right wrist, feeling the heat under his tongue. He licked down Hannibal’s forearms feeling the slight indentation of where the knots had been. There would be a straight line of bruises down the centre of Hannibal’s arms, Will could see the deeper red almost purple circles. Hannibal watched Will feeling every flick of his tongue, brush of his lips and occasional gentle nip at sensitive skin. The memory of the euphoria Hannibal had experienced rubbed at the back of his memory like a cloud of remembered arousal.

Will then dipped a soft cloth into the water wrung the excess out and took Hannibal’s left wrist in his own left hand and gently washed it with the cloth, drying it after with a very soft towel. Will preceded to do that same Hannibal’s right hand.

Once he had washed and dried Hannibal’s wrists he gently washed and dried Hannibal’s feet. Gently brushing the skin with his fingertips. Will kissed each foot and each wrist gently. He then took a black pot and a small first aid kit from the bag where the ropes had been. As Will unscrewed the top of the pot Hannibal could smell the sweetness on the air.

“Raw honey.” Will explained as he dipped a finger into the thick dark liquid, he brought the finger up to Hannibal’s mouth who gladly licked the sweetness from Will. “It’s good for

burns.”

The feeling of Hannibal’s tongue made Will want to feed Hannibal honey for hours from his fingers. Will removed his finger from Hannibal’s mouth and began to smear the honey with a wooden ice cream stick over Hannibal’s wrists and feet. Once he was satisfied he then bound each limb with clean gauze. Hannibal watched him do this taking in the reverence and focus on Will’s face like it was a drug, he knew he could never get enough of that look.

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